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Preserve Your Hair

and you preserve your youth. "A woman is as old as she looks," says the world. No woman looks as old as she is if her hair has preserved its normal beauty. You can keep hair from falling out, restoring its normal color, or restore the normal color to gray or faded hair, by the use of

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THE COMMONWEALTH.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor.

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VOL. XIII. New Series--Vol. 2.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1897.

NO. 37

THE EDITOR'S LEISURE HOURS.

Points and Paragraphs of Things Present, Past and Future.

The Salisbury World reported last week that it snowed near Old Fort. This is the first August snow we remember ever to have heard of falling in North Carolina.

Some people thought it a joke when a few months ago it was stated that there was a law in Ohio against wearing high hats in theatres and other public assemblies. But it is not a joke; it has come down South and Atlanta has an ordinance that compels ladies to take off their hats and keep them off during every performance in an opera house. It is said that many ladies approve it.

The State Liquor Dealers' Association was in session in Durham last week. It appeared in the Durham department in the News & Observer that the association was at work behind closed doors and the news reporter could not get any definite news about what was going on. The public does not care so much about the association holding session behind closed doors, but would be glad to see all the painted front windows and screens done away with at the barrooms.

"The rich growing richer and the poor poorer." This is an expression that has been sounded out on heaven's pure air by many a politician and stump speaker of all parties thousands of times during the past few years. But Col. Carroll D. Wright, has played the part of an iconoclast towards the patent phrase. Col. Wright is Chief of the Federal Bureau of Labor Statistics; and in an article contributed to the Atlantic Monthly, he contends that while the number of rich men is increasing the number of poor men is also decreasing. He gives statistics to back up his argument.

Recently some of the correspondents to the Charlotte Observer have been discussing how the people in Eastern Carolina cook their corn bread. One correspondent says that corn bread is cooked in this part of the State without salt or other seasoning, and the other says that it is salted. Being a resident of Eastern Carolina and also being fond of corn bread, we feel somewhat authority on the subject.

Now, it depends upon what is in the mind of the house-keeper or cook when the meal is given out as to whether there is salt in the bread or not. If the housekeeper wishes to give the family a supper of what in other times was known as "fatty bread," the bread has both salt and "shortening" in it; and if the housekeeper wishes to give the family egg bread, it has salt, "shortening," eggs, etc. But if the bread is simply to be eaten with vegetables, barbecue, ham and eggs, and the like, in many of the best homes, and in most of the humbler ones, the bread is simply "cold water" bread, the meal and cold water made into a dough of the proper consistency, cooked and laid before the family and guests without salt or other seasoning. And this "cold water" bread is not confined to Eastern Carolina especially. We have eaten it in other parts of the State. An Eastern Carolina Brunswick stew or barbecue would not be up to the standard with any kind of bread but "cold water" bread; and we say this without any reflection on the "taste" of the good people here.

What else would you like to know about it, Mr. Observer?

SOME PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

If you had chills, and a druggist offered you a medicine to cure, or money refunded, would you try it?

Do you think he would make such an offer if he did not confident—believe it would cure you?

Could he afford to refund the money for a quack medicine?

Very well: now to the point. The proprietors of Dr. David's Chill Tonic have instructed all druggists handling their Chill Cure to refund the money in case of failure to cure. (If not at your druggist's write the proprietors, Owens & Minor Drug Co., Richmond, Va.)

Written for THE COMMONWEALTH.

A CANOE ADVENTURE.

IN EASTERN CAROLINA.

Many Years Ago.

BY "SAND AND GRAVEL."

It was still so early in the afternoon when I resumed my journey up the river, that I felt quite confident of being able to "pull through" in ample time; but I had been told of what was called a "thoroughfare" a few miles ahead of me, and I was looking out for that. So far, after taking leave of Gum Neck, I had not seen a single human being, nor bear, nor deer, nor horse, nor cow, nor bird, nor fish, nor — alligator, and began to long for the sight of some living creature. Just then I came to the "thoroughfare." This was simply a short cut across a neck of land where the river had crooked itself into the form of an S, and was a smart saving in distance. But I was very particular in going through this cut, for a friend at Gum Neck had told me of a boatman who, after getting through the thoroughfare, had taken the wrong end of the river and gone back to Gum Neck, twelve miles, before he found out his mistake! But I fared much better, and was soon at the canal. But what a stupid blunder I fell into here. I had supposed all along that I would find a canal of sufficient capacity to float a schooner, or at least a flat-boat, but when I had come to the place and seen it, I concluded that the canal was still farther up the stream; and so I continued to move up the river. Four miles beyond the canal, where I ought to have stopped, I came to a cabin where I saw a woman and her half-grown daughter. I asked for a drink of water, and the woman replied, "We drink water from the river." This I had been doing all day, scooping it up with my hand as thirst required. As the river was deep, and the water more "dashed" with the flavor of the abounding cypress and juniper, my drink was more than tolerable. I then asked the woman how far it was to the canal, but she lacked the information, and my little boat went on. At this time the sun was about forty minutes high. These, the first living souls I had laid eyes on during the whole of twenty miles, looked at me with curious eyes as my form faded away among the overhanging bushes, for here the stream had dwindled away to a mere creek, whose source could not be very far away. I wonder now that I should not have known that there could be no canal farther up such a stream as that; yet I pushed on until I should find — something, and I did; for when twilight had passed and the moon had risen above the horizon I came to the very head of Great Alligator, and could get no farther by reason of the tangled mass of reeds, rushes and tall grass, of which there seemed a vast outspreading field. It was difficult now to reverse my canoe with a view of retracing my steps, but I succeeded in doing so, and was soon on the way back to the cabin where I had seen the mother and her daughter. But again and again, where the overhanging bushes shut out the light of the moon, it was difficult to keep the channel of the stream, and I began to fear getting lost. No lantern nor match had I, nor anything else that could throw a gleam of light across the gloom. Fortunately, I reached the little landing place in front of that humble cabin—humble, yet none the less hospitable or welcome.

Pulling my little craft a few feet out of the water, I stepped to the front door of the cabin and knocked. There was no response. "The sleep of the laboring man is sweet," and this toiling dweller among the swamps was resting soundly from his labors of the day. I went to the back door where a gentle rap could be heard, and there was at once a welcoming response—"Come to the front door." So I did. A torch was lighted, the door was opened, and I was received with a hearty, human welcome. The man was a Mr. Cahoon, and the two persons I had seen in passing were his wife and daughter. They inquired whence I had come, how far I had been up the river, and what I was doing in that strange place. The wife had told her husband when he came in from his day's work of my having passed their cabin at so late an hour and they had rightly concluded that I would be forced to come back some time during the night. So seldom was it that these people got sight of human beings, that their interest in me was intense. When I had told the man where I had started that morning,

and to what point I had gone after passing his house; he seemed to regard me as a hero of the paddle and as having performed a feat which no one had ever performed under similar circumstances. In fact, he eyed me with a look of astonishment when I had given him an account of my day's experience. Still, I thought he had failed to give full credit to the umbrella in the good speed I had made. He felt sure, though, he said, that on rising next morning my arms would be so sore that I could scarcely lift them above my head. But this was not the case.

Meanwhile the good woman inquired if I had taken supper, and learning that I had not, she cheerfully set about preparing something for me. Nor shall I forget what the simple repast was, or how grateful it was to my palate. The continued exercise of the day had given me an appetite which no king can ever buy. And so I sat down to coffee made of parched corn meal, sweetened with molasses, and thick pieces of corn pone fried in bacon gravy. This was the meal, all told, for which no apology was offered and none was needed, for I thoroughly enjoyed the meal and my appetite craved nothing more. Much of my earlier reading was in books whose authors lived hundreds of years ago, and even now I prefer them to more modern productions because of their faithfulness to nature, and because they furnish views of life and manners as they were when economy and frugality prevailed, and before luxurious living had imposed its heavy tax upon the toil of the husbandman and the strength of the patient matron whose hands prepared the food. So much of the simplicity of those primitive times as contented itself with a less ostentatious display of sundry dishes at meal time would be no bad thing to have in these closing years of the nineteenth century. I am firmly of the opinion that it is from the primitive people, who lived frugally and abstemiously, that we have the soundest and truest views of nature, the rarest painting and sculpture and the highest order of poetry. Still, I would not be so rash as to risk my fingers against the lightning-spined buzz saw of modern progress in the attempt to "evolute" present affairs back to where they began their upward course.

I was never more hospitably entertained in my life than I was by the family of this poor toiling swamper, and although the bed on which I lay was far from elegant or sumptuous, my sleep was so sound and peaceful that I knew nothing of how the hours passed away, and when I awoke next morning the stream of clear sunlight that stole in through the many crevices of the cabin wall was the first object that greeted me, and I felt that if my trip had no other object than that cabin experience, with its profound slumber and its peaceful awakening under the bright beams of an ideal morning, then I had been sufficiently rewarded already.

When the breakfast had been dispatched, and the story of the experience of the day before had been carefully repeated to the family, my host informed me that it was four miles back to the "canal," at which I should have landed, and where a beaten way along the bank of the canal would lead me to Fairfield, five miles distant, on the shore of Mattamuskeet Lake. So I still had four miles of paddling, then five miles of walking, before I could see the famous Mattamuskeet Lake. But the adventure by canoe was now nearly done, for Mr. Cahoon and I were ready at the same moment, each with his own little cypress craft, he to go a mile or more on his way to a grist mill somewhere in one of the swamps, and I to find the canal. Safely enough I found my way, but never after was I privileged to see the face of Mr. Cahoon or any of his family, and my last sight of him was when he pushed his canoe up near to mine at a certain point on the river, and he and I shook hands and parted.

After a day or two spent with friends at Fairfield, I was fortunate enough to find a small company of persons who were going down the river to Gum Neck in a canoe of capacity sufficient to bear us all, and having a force to propel the boat with some speed, we glided along pleasantly through the "Thoroughfare," past the shaded front of "Kilkenny," and plainly saw "The Baptist Pine," and were entertained with the story of how the nameless Baptist preacher spent a night in a snow storm under trying circumstances, and had his experience perpetuated in a tree, whose tall form still served as a landmark for all who might pass up or down that river. Arriving in safety at Gum Neck, my appearance at the house of Col. McLees was a guarantee that I had accomplished the projected adventure and returned without harm, and so the whole matter was placed beyond a doubt.

Hall's Hair Renewer cures dandruff and scalp affections; also all cases of baldness where the glands which feed the roots of the hair are not closed up. Sold by E. T. Whitehead & Co., Scotland Neck, N. C.

LAST TALK

TO LADS IN LOVE.

NEMO'S FOURTH ARTICLE.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

BY "NEMO."

(Copyrighted by Dawe & Tabor.)

To YOUNG MEN IN LOVE.—As pants the hunted hart for the water brooks, so do the souls of some of you yearn to hear the uniting ceremony.

I have already told you that love and the quality on which love is often based—respect—cannot live if only sustained by passion. The passion indeed may last long, but it will scorch and burn and destroy all the sweet refinement that, it not precious in your eyes, is at least very dear to her whom you have chosen. Now I intend to carry you forward one startling step and tell you that love can ennoble and strengthen one life or both, though passion be forever denied. What we call the lower element of our natures cannot be grand except by the higher qualities mingling with it; but the higher qualities can live and last and grow, though the lower be shut out together. I tell you this and confirm it by pages from lives that have been laid open before me; for I want you to have a new sense of what love can do and has done for our race. I tell you this, because love, in its highest form of devotion to an ideal, is capable of entering your bursting heart, no matter how obscure you are, and making of you a new creature, with a clean life, pure thought and good purposes.

AN IDEAL.

Something to live for! Something that stretches far beyond The earthy limits of each fancy fond! Something that draws us by pure loveliness, And ever seems more fair as on we press, So drawing nearer—thinking to attain— We see it still afar and, losing, gain More from the added zeal we needs must show To win our prize, and ever higher go!

As some strong traveler through a desert wild Sees snowy summits up to heaven piled And braves the bristling dangers but to find The misty mountains still but dim outlined: And though as nearer yet his way he wends Fresh beauty to his soul the prospect lends, Of rosy shadows fitting o'er the snow, And peaks with golden coronets that glow; Yet may he never scale those steeper slopes Or plant his conquering banner where he hopes. But by high striving towards a lofty end, With eyes that ever on pure summits bend, Through seeming failure claims self-victory, And, ne'er attaining, wins eternally.

Country Editor in Politics.

I see almost daily a man, who though separated by an ocean from the woman who knows his love and feels love in return, is held by her gentle influence and her high views of life, just as firmly as though he were by her side. Saddest of all—but why saddest?—most beautiful of all in this instance is the fact that, increasing bodily weakness is gradually bringing her to a bed of life-long suffering. What does he gain from her? The purpose to live a life that would please her, to gain a reputation that would rejoice her, to carve a career that shall embody her goodness and nobility—these things he gains and he is content.

There has been given me from the lips of a magnificent man, a man of loquaciousness and strength, his own story, while we were talking of such things. After his second child was born, his wife was grievously afflicted. For ten years and more he has been just as you

Stands at the Head.

Augustus J. Bogel, the leading druggist of Shreveport, La., says: "Dr. King's New Discovery is the best seller I have." J. F. Campbell merchant of Safford, Ariz., writes: "Dr. King's New Discovery is all that is claimed for it; it never fails, and is a sure cure for consumption coughs colds. I cannot say enough for its merits." Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption coughs and colds is not an experiment. It has been tried for a quarter of a century, and today stands at the head. It never disappoints. Free trial bottles at E. T. Whitehead & Co.'s drug store.

are in relation to your beloved. Depression is foreign to him. Life is one continuous courtship, and as middle-age creeps on he grows more and more into the habit of showing little delicate attentions that are precious to her aching heart, and vocal of his faithful devotion. What is he gaining? Honor among men, reputation for probity.

I could bring many more cases to illustrate various points of my argument, because I often receive confidences in relation to such matters; but I must deny myself the space.

Love will find an outlet. As the sap moves within the tree forcing it into foliage, so true love is bound to display itself. If kept from degradation, it will fill up your heart with good-will towards the world, and the hopeless misery of its sweltering crowds. No man can have lofty love for a woman without making the world better. Love is the key to the enigma of our relations to our fellows. It breaks down selfishness and releases gentleness, kindness, pity. The spiritual faculties under the stimulus of the softer sex, show forth in thoughtfulness, and the physical powers run more naturally to deeds of good. Your beloved has shown you your incompleteness without her and much more can she show you of duty to the world and its need of love actively worked into its mass. Show me any man, Catholic, Protestant or Agnostic, who is trying to better his day; back somewhere in his heart will be found the image of a woman to nerve him. She may be of flesh and blood or she may be the immaculate one whom so many millions venerate; in either case his best nature is set free, and he becomes for the dear woman he loves, in very truth her warrior out in the world, keeping stainless the trust she reposes in him.

If any suggestions in these articles have seemed unpractical regarding your future life with the woman you love, do not condemn me because I differ from you. It is just possible that wider experience enables me to see a little further than you. I will leave the subject in this way. Select in your neighborhood a thoughtful, kindly, happy man whose home seems to be his heart's treasure and ask for his answer to the question I have placed before you, "How shall the joy, the spirit of sacrifice, the stimulus to effort that is found in courtship be continued after marriage?" The question is worthy of an answer, as you are at present full of happiness, and to think of any other condition gives you a sinking sensation. His answer—because human nature in its broad details in much the same everywhere—will practically confirm these articles. But being delivered by a living voice, he may have more power to convince you. I shall be well content, for I have made you think a little more deeply than before of a subject supremely interesting to you, and it has been done in a way that seldom appears in print and is rarely spoken of. The reason of the latter silence is that the man who is happy in his affection should he praise the glories of love in the presence of those who gloat only over its shame. A prosperous journey to you all.

Press & Printer.

Examination of our exchanges shows that the country editor is dropping into politics. In many instances he cuts a very respectable figure, and his well-considered statements will doubtless be stolen freely and frequently by his metropolitan brethren. There are two kinds of political writing: The one deals in ridicule, in appeals to prejudice and in false statements. The other recognizes that parties and men are fallible, and that party principles are some times modified by new conditions. This conservative style of writing will win in the end, because readers are after facts and are not to be hoodwinked long. The political editor has the right to present the best side of his party, and to stoutly maintain its teachings and principles; but this can be done without indulging in personalities or consigning his opponents to the bottomless pit. The latter style of political writing is now almost obsolete, and the editor who adopts it is not only old-fashioned, but is far behind his readers in point of intelligence.

The prohibition that gives society the children who never saw a drunkard can't be such a big failure.

Which is worse, imprisonment for life or a life-long disease, like scrofula, for example? The former, certainly, would be preferable were it not that Ayer's Sarsaparilla can always come to the rescue and give the poor sufferer health, strength and happiness. Sold by E. T. Whitehead & Co., Scotland Neck, N. C.

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Julius Hines & Son BALTIMORE, MD.

JUST LOOK!

GOODS MUST BE SOLD.

We have been rushed with trade, selling goods at a profit. We expect a big rush during August, because we are going to throw several thousand dollars worth of goods on the market at and below cost. Many of these goods were bought at two-thirds regular prices, and we are going to sell them for Just What They Cost Us.

In order to get the pick of these goods our advice is for you to come at once. We give a few prices:

Several hundred yards floor matting to close out at 5, 6 and 7c. Very wide percale at 6c. 30 styles dress goods, 3, 5 and 8c. Men's fine straw hats for half regular prices.

Ladies' hats, ribbons, laces, silk mulls going for almost nothing. Men's collars, late style, 45c. per dozen. Ladies' shirt waists 15c. each. Lambrequins, 2 yards long, fancy colors, 8c. each. Ladies' vests 3 for 10c. Ladies' Oxfords, must be sold at some price.

A large lot lace curtains, prices will surprise you. Think about it 1 yard wide silkline drapery, fancy flowers and colors 4 and 5c. Did you ever hear the like, very wide mosquito netting for 3 and 4c. per yard. Duck dress goods, white, black and colors 7 1/2 and 8c. Window shades and curtain poles closing out stock on hand for less than ever before.

Several hundred yards white dress goods 4 and 5c. Some of these goods worth 10c. A large stock boys pants 15 and 20c. We have lots of other goods to close out during this month. REMEMBER WE PREPAY FREIGHT ON ALL GOODS BOUGHT AT ONE TIME AMOUNTING TO \$5.00 AND OVER.

H. C. SPIERS & DAVIS, August 5, 1897. WELDON, N. C.

Cheap Bedsteads!

WE MANUFACTURE CHEAP BEDSTEADS IN Poplar, Ashe and Oak.

We Guarantee our Goods to meet all Competition in

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We are prepared to clip your horse or wash your buggy at the following prices:

Clipping Horse entire, \$2.50 Clipping Mane and Legs, .50 Washing Horse entire, .50 Washing Buggy, .25 Washing and Oiling Harness, .25 Good work guaranteed.

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